

The Mirror

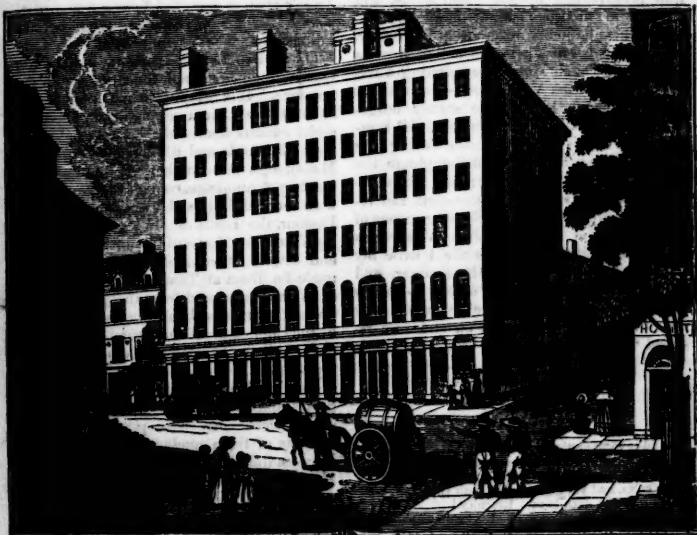
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 859.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1837.

[PRICE 2d.

NEW-YORK.



HOLT'S HOTEL.

THE Engraving shows a magnificent specimen of the public accommodations of New-York; and well bespeaks the increasing convenience of that important city. Mr. Holt, the proprietor of this extensive hotel, has long been known as a caterer for the palates of a large number of citizens; and, in his present expensive establishment, it is stated to be his intention to improve upon all his previous arrangements.

This spacious edifice is very carefully constructed. "It stands on the corner of Fulton and Pearl streets. The front on Fulton-street is 100 feet, on Pearl street 76 ft. 6 in., on Water-street 85 ft. 6 in. It is six stories high, beside the basement. The height of the main building to the top of the cornice, is 75 feet; to the top of the promenade 85 feet; from the side walk to the top of the dome 125 feet. It contains a dining-hall 100 feet in length, two side dining-rooms 45 feet each, together with 25 parlours, making in all 165 rooms. One thousand people can be accommodated with dinner at once, and 300 with lodgings at night. The number of windows in the building is 450.

VOL. XXX.

T

Appertaining to the establishment is a well, bored 370 feet, yielding a constant supply of pure rock water, which, by means of a steam engine, is conveyed to every part of the building. Large cisterns are also placed in the garrets, to which hose are attached, for the purpose of conveying water freely and constantly—a safeguard against fire, invaluable and necessary in so extensive a building."

New-York, in its progressive improvement, is gradually losing its picturesqueness. In the letter-press to the *Views in New-York and its Environs*, it is quaintly observed:—"Among the most picturesque objects afforded by our city, several years ago, were those relics clothed with associations half ludicrous half melancholy, of our renowned ancestors the Dutch. There is something at once neat and ridiculous in their peculiar style of architecture. We have indeed paused before these venerable remnants of days gone by, not without a propensity to sentimentalize. Amid the new-fangled fashions of modern architecture—the aspiring three story brick houses—the high flight of steps—the damask curtains—the glittering carriage and glossy, prancing

859

steeds before the door,—how plain and yet how striking appear these emblems of past times. Those sharp-pointed roofs, those leaden windows, those gable fronts, that lowly threshold, whereby sat the stately burgo-master, with his fragrant pipe, while around him peradventure opened green fields, and above him rustled pleasant branches; and within, his plump and rosy-cheeked daughter, like a ripe peach for health and beauty—a lovely little Dutch Hebe by a spinning-wheel—a sweet Katrina Van Tassel—but whither does my fancy lead. The stately burgo-master's pipe is long since broken, and himself laid with his fathers; Katrina's laughing eyes no more send a cheerful thought to the heart of the chance traveller; and that venerable mansion in the picture—that sad remembrancer of a thousand pleasing scenes of love and quiet is (bones of the Vanderlyns and Vanderdams lie quiet while I write my history) a grocery store, where sugar, and ham, and molasses, and onions—things which doubtless would have made the hair of its first occupants stand on end—are retailed 'cheap for cash.'"

AUTUMNAL WANDERINGS.

A FORTIC FRAGMENT.

THE blue campanula is blooming still
Amid the fading glory of the woods,
A silent spirit of the solitude.
How calm, and yet how lovely, doth the year
Glide into thy dark home, Eternity!
And slumber with the past—it steals away
Like dying music, and bequeaths a tone
Which wakes an echo in the heart of man
Beyond the power of its imaginings.

The purple skies of morning gave a hue
Of mild autumnal beauty to the hills,
As I, with bright expectancy portrayed
Upon my brow, came forth in quest of aught
That might invigorate the drooping soul
And fire the languid pulse; for I had loved
Long before then to hear the gush of rills
Amid the dewy woodlands, or to mark
The flow'rs like stars amid the fields of heaven,
Smile a sweet welcome on the stranger's eye;
So forth I came, to scan with quiet eye
The fading landscape, and bid Fancy plume
Her starry wings to greet the waning year.

Beside the slumbering rill I stood awhile,
Until my spirit felt a sympathy
For its forsaken waters; it had none,
No sister-flower with looks of kindred love
To watch its silent course, it wound its way
Beneath the forest trees, uncheer'd by all,
Save the blue gleam vouchsafed to it by heaven.

A village church, and village churchyard, too,
(How the heart seems to echo back the sounds,)
Claim the fix'd eye; an old and sacred pile,
Magnificent with age, the ivy throws
Its mournful festoons o'er the fretted walls,
And from its towerly brow the birds awake
Their sweetest songs to morn.

B. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

CIVIC BANQUETS TO SOVEREIGNS.

(Continued from page 259.)

THE following more ample notice of Queen Anne's visit, is compiled from a scarce tract, *The Triumphs of London*, 1702, and the various newspapers of that period:—

On the first Lord Mayor's-day in her reign, Queen Anne honoured the citizens with her presence. Her Majesty came into the city about two P.M., in a purple coach, drawn by eight curious horses, the harnesses of which were all purple and white; the Countess of Malborough and another lady sitting backwards. A numerous train of coaches followed with her Majesty's Ladies and Maids of Honour, the Lords of the Privy Council, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Judges and several other Noblemen. A lane was made for them at Temple-bar by the militia of Westminster, and from thence to Ludgate by the City trained bands, and so to Guildhall by the Companies of the several liveryes of the city. All the balconies were hung with rich tapestry.

As her Majesty passed by St. Paul's a great number of children belonging to the several workhouses were placed on scaffolds and one of them made a speech to her Majesty, as did also one of the boys of Christ's Hospital.

The Lord Mayor, on returning to Blackfriars-stairs, was, at his landing, saluted by the artillery company in buff and silver head-pieces; and also by St. Martin a hero and champion of the church, and the patron of the Company of Vintners, represented by a person in rich armour, cap-a-pee, mounted on a stately white steed, richly plumed and caparisoned. The Saint wore a large mantle or scarf of scarlet, and was followed by several cripples and beggars, supplicating for his charity. Before him danced twenty satyrs with tambours; two persons, in rich liveries, walked by his horses's side; the halberdiers, with rural music, went before him; and ten Roman lictors in silver head-pieces, with axes and fasces, marched before the company until they reached the wide part of St. Paul's, where the Saint addressed the Lord Mayor, having first satisfied the beggars with portions of his scarf and the following lines:—

"Cease, cease your mournful cries, and to relieve
Your wants take this—'tis all I have to give."

The first pageant was the Indian galleon, a bark rowed by Bacchanals, and containing the god of Wine; the second was the chariot of Ariadne, the mistress of Bacchus; the third the Temple of St. Martin, formed by eight pillars of the composite order, and containing figures of St. Martin and the cripple, and the Saint's peculiar virtues—Charity, Liberality, and Magnificence; the fourth

giant was called the Vintage, but represented a tavern entertainment; the fifth, the Harbour of Delight, a fountain running with wine, with Silenus and satyrs.

Her Majesty was pleased from a balcony in Cheapside to see the cavalcade; the Lord Mayor and Aldermen as they passed by paid their obeisance to her. She was then conducted by the two Sheriffs to Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor surrendered to her the sword, which being returned, his lordship carried it before her Majesty to the apartments where she was pleased to dine. Several ladies of the greatest quality had the honour to dine with the Queen at the same table. His Royal Highness (Prince George of Denmark), being that day somewhat indisposed, was not present, as otherwise he intended to be. Her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood upon Gilbert Heathcote, Esq., Alderman Francis Dashwood, James Eyton, and Richard Hoare, Esqrs. In the evening, her Majesty returned to Whitehall with the same state she came; the streets were again lined with trained bands, and the houses were illuminated.

King George I. and the Prince and Princess of Wales were invited to the city festival so late as the 14th of October, the day after the latter arrived at St. James's, and only six days before the coronation. On Friday, October 29th, they came with the accustomed state; and a petition being presented to the King at Ludgate, on behalf of the prisoners there, he ordered 1,000*l.* to be paid to the Sheriffs of London for the relief and discharge of distressed debtors. The Royal party saw the Lord Mayor's procession from the balcony in Cheapside, then belonging to Mr. Taylor, a Quaker and linendraper; but when the King offered to knight his host, as Queen Anne had done, the honour was declined. Sir William Humphrey, the Lord Mayor, received a patent of baronetcy. The King left Guildhall about eleven o'clock.

King George II. was crowned October 11, 1727, and a few days afterwards was invited to the inaugural feast of Sir Edward Becker, with the Queen and Princesses. As the 29th of October in that year fell upon a Sunday, the Lord Mayor's-day was kept upon the 30th, which was, happily, the king's birth-day. The same ceremonies were then repeated, the Royal Family was again placed in Cheapside to see the procession, and the entertainment at Guildhall probably exceeded any of the former, at least in cost, since it amounted to 4,891*l.* 4*s.*

On September 29th, 1761, a week after the coronation of George III., the King and Queen were invited to dine at Guildhall on the ensuing Lord Mayor's-day, which the change of style had then altered to Monday, November 9th. Of this banquet a longer and more interesting account is preserved than is

to be found of any of those already noticed. It is contained in a descriptive letter, from which we quote the following:—

"When I got up," says the writer of this amusing detail, "the morning was so foggy that I could scarce see across the way; but, as at the coronation, it soon after cleared up, and we had the uncommon satisfaction of having as fine a day as ever was known at this season of the year. I call it uncommon, because it has been remarked, almost to a proverb, that the Lord Mayor's-day is generally a bad one. That part of the ceremony on this occasion which is presented to us on the water is perhaps equal to any thing of the kind in Holland or Venice. I therefore took a boat, and ordered the waterman to row me along-side the Lord Mayor's and the Companies' barges, as they proceeded on to Westminster. The Thames was quite covered with boats and gilded barges. The Skinners' barge was distinguished from the rest by the outlandish dresses, in strange spotted skins and painted hides of the rowers. The barge belonging to the Stationers' Company, after having passed the narrow strait through one of the arches of Westminster-bridge, and tacked about to do honour to the Lord Mayor's landing, touched at Lambeth, and took on board a hamper of claret (the tribute annually paid to learning) from the Archbishop's Palace. This, indeed, is constantly reserved for the future regalement of the master wardens and court of assistants, and not suffered to be shared by the common crew of liverymen.

"As the ceremonies of swearing in the Lord Mayor at Westminster Hall are so well known, and repeated annually, I did not stay to see them, but landed as soon as I could in my return back at the Temple-stairs. Here I found that some of the city companies had disembarked from among their barges before me. All along Temple-lane, leading from the stairs, I saw them drawn up in order, between a row of the trainbands on each side, who kept excellent discipline, the Temple-gate at the top of the lane, opening into Fleet-street, being shut, and barricaded from assailants, and only some small parties of the disorderly, undisciplined mob, on the forlorn hope, just reconnoitering them through the defiles of the by-courts and passages, and retreating as fast as they could, in order to make a stand in the high roads, through which these regulars were afterwards to force a passage. The barges belonging to some of the other companies had the prudence, as there was no danger of short allowance, not to land their men, who regaled themselves comfortably on board, while the others were cooling their heels in the lane some hours waiting till the royal procession had passed by. The Lord Mayor, indeed, and his attendants, were invited by the master and benchers

of the Temple, to come on shore, and were refreshed in the Temple Hall.

"I made my way, as well as I could, through the crowd, to the Queen's Arms Tavern, the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, kept by honest Bates, so remarkable for his good wines and good treatment in every other respect. Here a party of us had secured a room which commanded a complete view of both the royal and city processions. Mrs. Hemmings was at Messrs. Carr and Ibbertson's, upon Ludgate-hill, who, as well as their neighbours, Palmers and Fleetwood, had not only filled every window in their houses, but built a large scaffolding before their doors, for the accommodation of their friends. Every house, indeed, from Temple-bar to Guildhall, was crowded from top to bottom, and many had scaffoldings besides. Carpets and rich hangings were hung out on the fronts all the way along; and for the honour of the city I must observe, that contrary to what was practised at the coronation, instead of letting out places to hire, and making money of provisions at advanced prices, the inhabitants (some few excepted) generously accommodated their friends and customers gratis, and entertained them in a most elegant manner: so that, though the citizens' shops were shut, they might be said to have kept open house. The same was also done in all the streets from St. James's through which the Royal cavalcade was to pass.

"This set out from the Palace about twelve o'clock; but (would you believe it?) by the mismanagement of those who should have taken care to clear the way of hackney-coaches and other obstructions, such long and frequent stops were made, that it was near four hours before the Royal Family got to friend Barclay's house,* opposite to Bow Church, from whence they were to see the city procession in a balcony hung with crimson silk damask; by which delay my Lord Mayor was enabled to return the compliment to his Majesty, who was just as much in the dark, at the coming back of the procession at the coronation. As the Royal Family passed by our window, I counted between twenty and thirty coaches, belonging to them and their attendants, besides those of the foreign Ambassadors, officers of state, and the principal nobility.

"The Royal Family proceeded in the following order:—

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in his coach drawn by six horses, preceded and followed by Guards.

"Her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia, in the same manner.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of York, in a new state coach, in the same manner.

* An interesting letter containing an account of the Royal visit to this place, written by one of Mr. Barclay's daughters, was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1803, page 1,068.

His Royal Highness's coach was the most elegant of all, and instead of coronets at the corners, had a most superb, gilt, ducal coronet in the centre of the top.

"Their Royal Highnesses Prince William, Prince Henry, and Prince Frederick, in one coach, and in the same manner.

"Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Dowager of Wales, the Princess Augusta, and the Princess Caroline, in one coach, preceded by twelve footmen in black caps, and with Guards, and a grand retinue.

"Their Majesties in their state coaches, preceded by the Earl of Harcourt in his chariot, and the Dukes of Rutland and Devonshire in another chariot, the Grenadier Guards and the Yeomen of the Guards, and followed by a corpse of the Horse Guards.

"A scaffold was erected at the east end of St. Paul's Churchyard for the children of Christchurch Hospital, being a Royal foundation, to pay their respects to their Majesties. As soon, therefore, as their Majesties' coach came opposite, it made a stop, and the senior scholar of the grammar-school in the hospital, stepping up to the side of it, most humbly addressed the King in the following manner:—

" 'Most August and Gracious Sovereign, —From the condescension and goodness which your Majesty displays towards even the meanest of your subjects, we are emboldened to hope you will accept the tribute of obedience and duty which we poor orphans are permitted to present you.

" 'Educated and supported by the munificence of a charity, founded, enlarged and protected by your Royal predecessors, with the warmest gratitude we acknowledge our inexpressible obligations to its bounty, and the distinguished happiness we have hitherto enjoyed under the constant patronage of former princes. May this ever be our boast and our glory; nor can we think we shall ever prefer our prayers in vain, whilst with earnest but humble supplications we implore the patronage and protection of your Majesty.

" 'To our ardent petition for your princely favours, may we presume, dread Sovereign, to add our most respectful congratulations on your auspicious marriage with your Royal consort? Strangers to the disquietude which often dwells within the circle of a crown, long may your Majesties experience the heartfelt satisfaction of domestic life, in the uninterrupted possession of every endearment of the most tender union, every blessing of conjugal affection, every comfort of parental felicity. And may a race of princes, your illustrious issue and descendants, formed by the example, and inheriting the virtues, of their great and good progenitors, continue to sway the British sceptre to the latest posterity.'

"As soon as he had finished, the boys, in a grand chorus, chanted, 'God save the King,

Amen.' After which the senior scholar delivered two copies of the speech to the King and Queen, who received them most graciously.

"But what was most remarkable, were the prodigious acclamations and tokens of affection shown by the populace to Mr. Pitt, who came in his chariot, accompanied by Earl Temple. At every stop the mob clung about every part of the vehicle, hung upon the wheels, hugged his footmen, and even kissed his horses. There was an universal huzza; and the gentlemen at the windows and in the balconies waved their hats, and the ladies their handkerchiefs. The same, I am informed, was done all the way he passed along.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Public Journals.

ALFRED THE HARPER.

DARK fell the night, the watch was set,
The host was idly spread,
The Danes around their watchfires met,
Drank deep, and fiercely fed.
They feasted all on English food,
And quaff'd the English ale;
Their hearts leapt up with burning blood
At each old Norseman tale.
The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,
And Guthrum, king of all,
Devour'd the flesh of England's bees,
And drank high festival.
Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,
In mail and wolf-skin clad,
Their collars white with plunder'd pearl,
Their eyes with triumph mad.
A mace beside each king and lord
Was seen with blood bestain'd;
From golden cups upon the board
Their kindling wine they drain'd.
Ne'er left their sad storm-beaten coast
Sea-kings so hot for gore;
'Mid Selwood's oaks such dreadful host
Ne'er burnt a track before.
From Humber-land to Severn-land,
And on to Tamar stream,
Where Thames makes green the towery strand,
Where Medway's waters gleam,—
With hands of steel and mouths of flame
They sack'd the kingdom through;
And where the Norseman sickle came,
No crop but hunger grew.
They loaded many an English horse
With wealth of cities fair;
They dragg'd from many a father's core
The daughter by her hair.
And English slaves, and gems and gold,
Were gather'd round the feast;
Till midnight in their woodland hold,
Oh! never that riot ceased.
In stalk'd a warrior tall and rude
Before the belted kings;
"Ye Lords and Earls of Odin's brood,
Without a harper sing,
He is a simple man and poor,
But well he sounds the lay,
And well, ye Norsemen chiefs, be sure
Will ye the song repay."
In trod the bard with keen cold look,
And glanced along the board,
That with the shout and war-cry shook,
Of many a Danish lord.
But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,
Soon bent on him their gaze,
While calm he gazed, as if to learn
Who chief deserved his praise.

Loth Guthrum spake,—Nay, gaze not thus,

Thou Harper weak and poor!
By Thor! who bandy looks with us
Must worse than looks endure.
Sing high the praise of Denmark's host,
High praise each dauntless Earl;
Praise those who stun this English coast
With War's unceasing whirl.

The harper sat upon a block,
Heap'd up with wealthy spoil,
The wool of England's helpless flock,
Whose blood had stain'd the soil.
He sat and slowly bent his head,
And touch'd his loud harp-string;
Then raised his face, and boldly said,
"Hear thou my lay, O King!

"High praise from all whose gift is song
To him in slaughter tried,
Whose pulses beat in battle strong,
As if to meet his bride.

High praise from every mouth of man
To all who boldly strive,
Who fall where first the fight began,
And ne'er go back alive.

"But chief his fame be strong as fire,
Be wide as is the sea,
Who dares in blood and pangs expire,
To keep his country free.
To such, great Earls, and mighty King!
Shall praise in heaven below;
The starry harps their praise shall ring,
And chime to mortal song.

"Fill high your cups, raise loud the shout,
At famous Regnar's name!
Who led his host to bloody rout,
When he to Humber came.
His men were chased, his sons were slain,
And he was left alone.
They bound him in an iron chain
Upon a dungeon-stone.

"With iron links they bound him fast;
With snakes they fill'd the hole,
That made his flesh their long repeat,
And bit into his soul.
They tore him all with poisonous blows,
They burrow'd in his breast,
While still he sang and cursed his foes,
And long'd for Odin's rest.

"Great chiefs, why sink in gloom your eyes?
Why champ your teeth in pain?
Still lives the song though Regnar dies!
Fill high your cups again.
Ye too, perchance, O Norseman lords!
Who fought and sway'd so long,
Shall soon but live in minstrel words,
And owe your names to song.

"This land has graves by thousands more
Than that where Regnar lies.
When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,
The sod must close your eyes.
How soon, who knows? Not chief, nor bard,
And yet to me 'tis given,
To see your foreheads deeply scarr'd,
And guess the doom of heaven.

"I may not read or when or how,
But Earls and Kings, be sure
I see a blade o'er every brow,
Where pride now sits secure.
Fill high the cups, raise loud the strain!
When chief and monarch falls,
His name in song shall breathe again,
And thrill the feastful halls.

"Like God's own voice, in after years
Resounds the warrior's fame,
Whose deed his hopeless country cheers,
Who is its noblest name.
Drain down, O Chiefs! the gladdening bowl!
The present hour is yours,
Let death to-morrow take the soul,
If joy to-day endures."

Grim sat the chiefs; one heaved a groan,
 And one grew pale with dread,
 His iron mace was grasp'd by one,
 By one his wine was shed.
 And Guthrum cried, "Nay, bard, no more
 We hear thy boding lay;
 Make drunk the song with spoil and gore!
 Light up the joyous fray!"¹⁶
 "Fierce throbs my brain"—so burst the song—
 "To hear the strife once more.
 The mace, the axe, they rest too long;
 Earth cries my thirst is sore.
 More blithely twang the strings of bows
 Than strings of harps in glee;
 Red wounds are lovelier than the rose,
 Or rosy lips to me.
 "Oh! fairer than a field of flowers,
 When flowers in England grew.
 Would be the battle's marsh'd powers,
 The plain of carnage new.
 With all its deaths before my soul
 The vision rises fair;
 Raise loud the song, and drain the bowl!
 I would that I were there!"
 "'Tis sweet to live in honour'd might,
 With true and fearless hand;
 "'Tis sweet to fall in freedom's fight,
 Nor shrink before the brand.
 But sweeter far, when girt by foes,
 Unmoved to meet their frown,
 And count with cheerful thought the woes
 That soon shall dash them down."
 Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye
 Roll'd fiercely round the throng;
 It seem'd two crashing hosts were nigh,
 Whose shock aroused the song.
 A golden cup King Guthrum gave
 To him who strongly play'd;
 And said, "I wot it from the slave
 Who once o'er England away'd."
 King Guthrum cried, "'Twas Alfred's own;
 Thy song befits the brave:
 The King who cannot guard his throne
 Nor wine nor song shall have."
 The minstrel took the goblet bright,
 And said, "I drink the wine
 To him who owns by justest right
 The cup thou bid'st be mine.
 "To him, your Lord, Oh shout ye all!
 His meed be deathless praise!
 The King who dares not nobly fall,
 Dies basely all his days.
 The King who dares not guard his throne,
 May curses heap his head;
 But hope and strength be all his own
 Whose blood is bravely shed.
 "The praise thou speak'st," King Guthrum said,
 "With sweetness fills mine ear;
 For Alfred swift before me fled,
 And left me monarch here.
 The royal coward never dared
 Beneath mine eye to stand.
 Oh, would that new this feast he shared,
 And saw me rule this land.
 Then stern the Minstrel rose, and spake,
 And glared upon the King:—
 "Not now the golden cup I take,
 Nor more for thee I sing.
 Another day, a happier hour,
 Shall bring me here again.
 The cup shall stay in Guthrum's power
 Till I demand it then."
 The Harper turn'd and left the shed,
 And shook his locks of brown,
 And one who mark'd his visage said
 It wore a ghastly frown.
 The Danes ne'er saw that Harper more,
 For soon as morning rose,
 Upon their camp King Alfred bore,
 And slew ten thousand foes—*Black, Mag.*

Popular Antiquities.

RELICS OF NEW SPAIN.

HAD none of these been preserved to our days, "the study of the history and condition of the ancient inhabitants of New Spain would have deserved as little interest and attention as the history and condition of the ancient inhabitants of New Holland or Van Dieman's Land. The case, however, is far otherwise; for the pyramids of Teotihuacan, Cholula, Xochicalco, and Papantla, and the edifices of Mitla and Palenque, are erections of a magnitude to indicate they could only have been constructed in a country teeming with population, and submitted to a well organized government.

"With respect to those monuments which have just been enumerated, it is to be observed, that they were not erected at or near the epoch when the country was first visited by the Spaniards, but at that time (with the exception of the pyramid of Cholula) they were then in the same ruined and deserted state as we now find them; and the time and manner of their destruction and abandonment seem as much wrapt in obscurity as those of their origin and construction, notwithstanding the annals of the Alcohuan empire are considered to reach to the end of the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth century.

"It is therefore very important to draw a general line of separation between these more ancient monuments of New Spain (believed to have been erected under the Toltec empire) and those monuments erected in or near the city of Mexico, from the period between its foundation in 1325, and its destruction by Cortes in 1521. These last belonging exclusively to the tribe of Aztecs, or Mexicans, may be described as Aztec monuments.

"In geographical extent, it will probably be ascertained, that the Toltec monuments may be traced from the Isthmus of Darien to Chihuahua, and that their language prevailed, or was at least known to the same extent, about 2,400 miles.

"In the State of Yucatan, pyramids and other remains are said to be numerous. The ruined cities near Palenque, in the State of Chiapas, are of great extent, and of a very imposing character. In the State of Oaxaca are the ruins of Mitla and others. In Anahuac, (or the Valley of Mexico) ruins and remains prevail to a great extent; near Zacatecas are the remains styled by the Spaniards *Los Edificios*, and in the State of Chihuahua are the *Casas Grandes*. Near Macon and the river Panuco are the ruins of two cities; and besides those already described by travellers, there are many others to be noticed, and doubtless a great number still to be discovered."¹⁷

* Since the above paragraph was sent to press, a

Having premised thus much generally on the monuments and relics of the ancient inhabitants of New Spain, Captain Veitch of the Royal Engineers, F.R.S., proceeds to notice a collection of stone figures from the banks of the river Panuco, in the ancient district or country of Huastecas. These figures were procured by Mr. Francis Vecelli, while making a plan of the river Panuco and its banks, and purchased by Captain Veitch at Tampico, in the year 1832; and have lately been submitted to the members of the Geographical Society. They consist of about thirty figures, principally of females, mostly with high conical or spreading caps, which denote a curious style of head-dress. Their material is chiefly limestone, now carious and crumbling with age.

Captain Veitch observes, that whatever may be the absolute age of these figures, we may with safety ascribe them rather to the Toltec than the Alcohuan epoch; not only from their appearance of antiquity, but from the circumstance that the province of Huastecas had not partaken, like that of Anahuac, of the second dawn of civilization; but, above all, from the perfect similarity which one of the figures bears to the remains at Palenque, indicating that both were fashioned when similar creeds and institutions prevailed, and that these extended from the banks of the Usumacinta to the Panuco.

The novel character of the head-dress is then referred to—"expanded to a great size behind, with a square front, and conical top more or less elevated. Did these represent the dress of the people, or are they symbolical of some deity, or great personage among them?" These are the first and only examples of this species of head-dress which Captain Veitch has seen represented among the sculptural relics of New Spain, though he has no doubt others will be discovered; "and the character is so extraordinary, that it may lead to connect not only many remains of the New Continent, but also those of the two Continents, should it really prove that the knowledge of the New World in early periods flowed from the Old one.

"There is one remark which applies to nearly all the figures—they are terminated below by a considerable piece of unshaped stone, presenting no base for the support of the figure, and therefore showing that they were intended to be built into walls or platforms."

"If the figures under consideration are to be considered as specimens of the art to which the country and age had attained, a very low

estimate must be formed of the civilization of the people. But gathered at random, it may be, that these are no more specimens of attainment of the arts, than country sign-posts and grave-stones would be of the same in this country. To judge correctly, we must know the design and intended application of the figures, before we can pronounce the people rude and ignorant."

Where the design is evidently and solely to copy nature, the success of the effort is, unquestionably, a proof of the state of the art or skill of the artist. In such figures as show this excellence, the features of the face are peculiar although the general character is that of high cheek-bones and thick lips; and their foreheads are high and broad.

"The value to be attached to the present collection is to throw some light on the condition and extent of the Toltec empire, by affording the means of comparing the remains on the banks of the Panuco with those of other parts of the same continent, and also with the relics of the Old World, should it have happened that the Toltecs derived their knowledge and civilization from thence. This last is an important question in the history of man. Captain Veitch was rather disposed to believe at one time, that whatever knowledge and civilization the Toltecs possessed was of American growth; but the numerous pyramidal erections would rather countenance the opposite opinion. These structures in very flat countries, and on the banks of great rivers, as those of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Ganges, are appropriate and imposing in their character, and may have had their origin, as retreats for the inhabitants from floods; but no such effects or uses could apply at Cholula and Teotihuacan, where mountains tower above them, in their near vicinity to the height of 10,000 feet."

The cut, No. 1, shows a front view of one of these stone figures from the banks of the Panuco. It is a good sample of the style of head-dress characteristic of most of these figures—certainly, very extraordinary, and, probably, the first specimen of the kind submitted to public notice. The large ear-rings with pendants or lappets, as well as the position of the arms and hands, are also characteristic; while the back view, No. 2, shows the fan-like carving, common to four of the figures, and most likely emblematical.

In a summary notice of the Toltec People, which Captain Veitch has appended to the above interesting notice, he states that "the arrival and settlement of the Toltecs on the borders of Anahuac, (Valley of Mexico,) is generally reported to have occurred in the seventh century of the Christian era." Historians place the ruin and close of the empire at the year 1051; but Captain Veitch considers this period of 384 years much too short for the necessary increase of population and

letter from General Yberrí, of the Mexican service, and a corresponding member of the Royal Geographical Society, states that he was proceeding, by order of the government, to survey and make drawings of the ruins of a great and ancient city of the Indians, which had just been discovered (accidentally) in the mountains, about eight leagues from Jalapa, in the State of Vera Cruz.



1. Curiously Sculptured Figures recently brought from New Spain.

2.

resources to enable the Toltecs to erect such edifices as the pyramids of Cholula and Teotihuacan, and that the date of the commencement of their power in Anahuac must have occurred much earlier than what is here fixed upon.

"Xolotl, the leader of a powerful army of Chechemecas and Otomies, entered Anahuac, and fixed the seat of his monarchy at Tenayuca in the year 1170, and placed a barrier to farther irruptions of a like nature from the north. At this period the principal cities of the Toltecs were probably in ruins and deserted. Xolotl, however, appears to have fully appreciated the arts and knowledge of the people amongst whom he had settled,

and afforded them protection and encouragement, and endeavoured to unite them with his own followers for the purpose of civilizing and instructing them better; and such was the celebrity of the Toltecs for their skill in the arts, that whoever became able as an artificer, was honoured by the appellation of Toltec (Toltecalli): so that in the process of time the terms Toltec and skilful artificer became almost synonymous."

We have condensed the above from Captain Veitch's Paper, which was read before the Geographical Society in November last; and is printed in the last published part (1, vol. vii.) of the Society's valuable Journal.

New Books.

MR. BULWER'S ERNEST MALTRAVERS.

(Continued from page 270.)

[We now return to Maltravers, who comes home from the Continent.]

With what a proud and exciting feeling an Englishman ought to enter London, after a prolonged absence in other countries! The public buildings are few, and, for the most part, mean; the monuments of antiquity, not comparable to those which the pettiest town in Italy can boast of; the palaces are sad rubbish; the houses of our peers and princes are shabby and shapeless heaps of brick. But what of all this? the spirit of London is in her thoroughfares—her population! What wealth—what cleanliness—what order—what animation? How majestic, and yet how vivid, is the life that runs through her myriad veins! How, as the lamps blaze upon you at night, and street after street glides by your wheels, each so regular in its symmetry, so equal in its civilization—how impressively do you feel that you are in the metropolis of a FREE PEOPLE, with healthful institutions, and exulting still in the undecayed energies of national youth and vigour.

[At the close of the season, Ernest leaves London to take possession of his family-nest.]

At length—just when London begins to grow most pleasant—when flirtations become tender, and water-parties numerous—when birds sing in the groves of Richmond, and whitebait refresh the statesman by the shores of Greenwich,—Maltravers abruptly fled from the gay metropolis, and arrived, one lovely evening in July, at his own ivy-grown porch of Burleigh. What a soft, fresh, delicious evening it was! He had quitted his carriage at the lodge, and followed it across the small but picturesque park alone and on foot. He had not seen the place since childhood—he had quite forgotten its aspect. He now wondered how he could have lived anywhere else. The trees did not stand in stately avenues, nor did the antlers of the deer wave above the sombre fern; it was not the domain of a grand seigneur, but of an old, long-descended English squire. Antiquity spoke in the moss-grown palings, in the shadowy groves, in the sharp gable-ends and heavy mullions of the house, as it now came in view, at the base of a hill covered with wood—and partially veiled by the shrubs of the neglected pleasure-ground, separated from the park by the invisible ha-ha. There, gleamed in the twilight the watery face of the oblong fish-pool, with its old-fashioned willows at each corner—there, grey and quaint, was the monastic dial—and there was the long terrace-walk, with discoloured

and broken vases, now filled with the orange or the aloe, which, in honour of his master's arrival, the gardener had extracted from the dilapidated green-house. The very evidence of neglect around, the very weeds and grass on the half-obliterated road, touched Maltravers with a sort of pitying and remorseful affection for his calm and sequestered residence. And it was not with his usual proud step and erect crest, that he passed from the porch to the solitary library, through a line of his servants:—the two or three old retainers belonging to the place were utterly unfamiliar to him, and they had no smile for their stranger lord.

[In a solitude of two years, Maltravers becomes an author; a turn in the hero's pursuits which enables Mr. Bulwer to introduce, with peculiarly graceful felicity, several delightful views of the development of the poetical character: "intoxicated with his own dreams and inspirations, he desired to make a world his confidant;—when from the living Nature, and the love of books, and the mingled result of inward study and external observation, he sought to draw forth something that might interweave his name with the pleasurable associations of his kind. His easy fortune and lonely state gave him up to his own thoughts and contemplations—they suffused his mind, till it ran over upon the page which makes the channel that connects the solitary Fountain with the vast Ocean of Human Knowledge."]

[In this portion of the work too, are gathered not a few saddening experiences of authorship; the wretched cant and wicked craft of what is misnamed criticism; and the base means by which genius is tricked out of its due reward. How true and striking are these remarks.]

By a maiden effort an author rarely makes enemies. His fellow-writers are not yet prepared to consider him as a rival; if he be tolerably rich, they unconsciously trust that he will not become a regular, or, as they term it, "a professional" author: he did something just to be talked of—he may write no more—or his second book may fail. But when that second book comes out, and does not fail, they begin to look about them—envy wakens—malice begins. And all the old school,—gentlemen who have retired on their pensions of renown—look upon him as an intruder; then the sneer—then the frown—the caustic irony—the biting review—the depreciating praise. The novice begins to think that he is farther from the goal than before he set out upon the race.

[The genius of Maltravers is thus characterized:—]

It was a deep love of truth that made him a subtle and searching analyst even in what the dull world considers trifles; for he

knew that nothing in literature is in itself trifling—that it is often but a hair's breadth that divides a truism from a discovery. He was the more original because he sought rather after the True than the New. No two minds are ever the same; and therefore any man who will give us fairly and frankly the results of his own impressions, uninfluenced by the servilities of imitation, will be original. But it was not from originality, which really made his predominant merit, that Maltravers derived his reputation, for his originality was not of that species which generally dazzles the vulgar—it was not extravagant or bizarre—he affected no system and no school. Many authors of his day seemed more novel and *unique* to the superficial. Profound and durable invention proceeds by subtle and fine gradations—it has nothing to do with those jerks and starts, those convulsions and distortions, which belong not to the vigour and health, but to the epilepsy and disease, of Literature.

[Are not these startling facts to be of daily occurrence in this intellectual age?]

When in the prime of youth—rich, courted, respected, run after—Ernest Maltravers fell seriously ill. It was no active or visible disease, but a general irritability of the nerves, and a languid sinking of the whole frame. His labours began, perhaps, to tell against him. In earlier life he had been active as a hunter of the chamois, and the hardy exercise of his frame counteracted the effects of a restless and ardent mind. The change from an athletic to a sedentary habit of life—the wear and tear of the brain—the absorbing passion for knowledge which day and night kept all his faculties in a stretch, made strange havoc in a constitution naturally strong. The poor author! how few persons understand, and forbear with, and pity him! he sells his health and youth to a rugged taskmaster. And, O blind and selfish world, you expect him to be as free of manner, and as pleasant of cheer, and as equal of mood, as if he were passing the most agreeable and healthful existence that pleasure could afford to smoothe the wrinkles of the mind, or medicine invent to regulate the nerves of the body.

Maltravers had, as we have seen, cared little for fame, till fame had been brought within his reach; then, with every step he took, new Alps had arisen. Each new conjecture brought to light a new truth, that demanded enforcement or defence. Rivalry and competition chafed his blood, and kept his faculties at their full speed. He had the generous race-horse spirit of emulation:—ever in action, ever in progress, cheered on by the sarcasms of foes, even more than by the applause of friends, the desire of glory had become the habit of existence.

When we have commenced a career, what stop is there till the grave?—where is the definite barrier of that ambition which, like the eastern bird, seems ever on the wing, and never rests upon the earth? Our names are not settled till our death; the ghosts of what we have done, are made our haunting monitors—our scourging avengers—if ever we cease to do, or fall short of the younger past. Repose is oblivion;—to pause is to unravel all the web that we have woven—until the tomb closes over us, and men, just when it is too late, strike the fair balance between ourselves and our rivals; and we are measured, not by the least, but by the greatest triumphs we have achieved. Oh, what a crushing sense of impotence comes over us, when we feel our frame cannot support our mind—when the hand can no longer execute, what the soul, actively as ever, conceives and desires!—the quick life tied to the dead form—the ideas fresh as immortality, gushing forth rich and golden, and the broken nerves, and the aching frame, and the weary eyes!—the spirit athirst for liberty and Heaven—and the damning, choking consciousness, that we are walled up and prisoned in a dungeon, that must be our burial-place! Talk not of freedom—there is no such thing as freedom to a man whose body is the jail, whose infirmities are the racks, of his genius.

[Meanwhile, Alice is married to the opulent Mr. Templeton, the uncle of Ferrers; which circumstance is unknown to Maltravers, notwithstanding his friendship with Lumley. With an ably-drawn portrait of the latter, and his settlement in London as a political adventurer, or “the man of system,” opens the third volume.]

Looking round the English world, Ferrers saw, that at his age and with an equivocal position and no chances to throw away, it was necessary that he should cast off all attributes of the character of the wanderer and the *garçon*.

“There is nothing respectable in lodgings and a cab,” said Ferrers to himself—(that “self” was his grand confidant!) “nothing stationary. Such are the appliances of a here-to-day-gone-to-morrow kind of life. One never looks substantial till one pays rates and taxes, and has a bill with one’s butcher!”

Accordingly, without saying a word to anybody, Ferrers took a long lease of a large house, in one of those quiet streets, that proclaim the owners do not wish to be known by fashionable situations—streets in which, if you have a large house, it is supposed to be because you can afford one. He was very particular in its being a respectable street—Great George-street, Westminster, was the one he selected.

No frippery or baubles, common to the mansions of young bachelors—no buhl, and

marquetric, and Sevre china, and cabinet pictures, distinguished the large, dingy drawing-rooms of Lumley Ferrers. He bought all the old furniture a bargain of the late tenant—tea-coloured chintz curtains, and chairs and sofas that were venerable and solemn with the accumulated dust of twenty-five years. The only things about which he was particular, were a very long dining-table that would hold forty, and a new mahogany sideboard. Somebody asked him why he cared about such articles. "I don't know," said he, "but I observe all respectable family men do—there must be something in it—I shall discover the secret by-and-by."

In this house did Mr. Ferrers ensconce himself with two middle-aged maid-servants, and a man out of livery, whom he chose from a multitude of candidates, because the man looked especially well-fed.

Having thus settled himself, and told every one that the lease of his house was for sixty-three years, Lumley Ferrers made a little calculation of his probable expenditure, which he found with good management might amount to about one-fourth more than his income.

"I shall take the surplus out of my capital," said he, and try the experiment for five years; if it don't do, and pay me profitably, why then either men are not to be lived upon, or Lumley Ferrers is a much duller dog than he thinks himself!"

His plan for winning Templeton's esteem and deference was, however, completely triumphant. He took care that nothing in his *ménage* should appear "extravagant;" all was sober, quiet, and well-regulated. He declared that he had so managed as to live within his income; and Templeton, receiving no hint for money, nor aware that Ferrers had on the continent consumed a considerable portion of his means, believed him. Ferrers gave a great many dinners, but he did not go on that foolish plan which has been laid down by persons who pretend to know life, as a means of popularity—he did not profess to give dinners better than other people. He knew that, unless you are a very rich or a very great man, no folly is equal to that of thinking that you soften the hearts of your friends, by soups à la bique, and Vermuth wine at a guinea a bottle! They all go away, saying, "What right has that fellow to give a better dinner than we do?—What horrid taste—what ridiculous presumption!"

No; though Ferrers himself was a most scientific epicure, and held the luxury of the palate at the highest possible price, he dieted his friends on what he termed "respectable fare." His cook put plenty of flower into the oyster sauce; cod's-head and shoulders made his invariable fish; and four *entrées*,

without flavour or pretence, were duly supplied by the pastrycook, and carefully chewed by the host. Neither did Mr. Ferrers affect to bring about him gay wits and brilliant talkers. He confined himself to men of substantial consideration, and generally took care to be himself the cleverest person present; while he turned the conversation on serious matters crammed for the occasion—politics, stocks, commerce, and the criminal code. Pruning his gaiety, though he retained his frankness, he sought to be known as a highly-informed, pains-taking man, who would be sure to rise. His connexions, and a certain nameless charm about him, consisting chiefly in a pleasant countenance, a bold yet winning candour, and the absence of all *hauteur* or pretence, enabled him to assemble round this plain table, which, if it gratified no taste, wounded no self-love, a sufficient number of public men of rank, and eminent men of business, to answer his purpose. The situation he had chosen, so near the Houses of Parliament, was convenient to politicians, and, by degrees, the large, dingy drawing-rooms became a frequent resort for public men to talk over those thousand underplots, by which a party is served or attacked. Thus, though not in parliament himself, Ferrers became insensibly associated with parliamentary men and things; and the ministerial party, whose politics he espoused, praised him highly, made use of him, and meant, some day or other, to do something for him.

[Mr. and Mrs. Templeton live not very happily together; but he becomes affectionately attached to her daughter Evelyn, the offspring of her early amour with Maltravers. Of her splendid retirement here is a sketch.]

It was late that evening when Ferrers arrived at his uncle's villa. He found Mrs. Templeton in the drawing-room seated at the piano. He entered gently; she did not hear him, and continued at the instrument. Her voice was so sweet and rich, her taste so pure, that Ferrers, who was a good judge of music, stood in delighted surprise. Often as he had now been a visiter, even an inmate at the house, he had never before heard Mrs. Templeton play any but sacred airs, and this was one of the popular songs of sentiment. He perceived that her feeling at last overpowered her voice, and she paused abruptly, and turning round, her face was so eloquent of emotion, that Ferrers was forcibly struck by its expression. He was not a man apt to feel curiosity for anything not immediately concerning himself; but he did feel curious about this melancholy and beautiful woman. There was in her usual aspect that inexpressible look of profound resignation which betokens

a lasting remembrance of a bitter past; a prematurely blighted heart spoke in her eyes, her smile, her languid and joyless step. But she performed the routine of her quiet duties with a calm and conscientious regularity which showed that grief rather depressed than disturbed her thoughts. If her burden were heavy, custom seemed to have reconciled her to bear it without repining; and the emotion which Ferrers now traced in her soft and harmonious features, was of a nature he had only once witnessed before—viz. on the first night he had seen her, when poetry, which is the key of memory, had evidently opened a chamber haunted by mournful and troubled ghosts.

"Ah! dear madam," said Ferrers, advancing, as he found himself discovered; "I trust I do not disturb you. My visit is unreasonable; but my uncle—where is he?"

"He has been in town all the morning; he said he should dine out, and I now expect him every minute."

"You have been endeavouring to charm away the sense of his absence. Dare I ask you to continue to play? It is seldom that I hear a voice so sweet, and science so consummate. You must have been instructed by the best Italian masters."

"No," said Mrs. Templeton, with a very slight colour in her delicate cheek—"I learned young, and of one who loved music and felt it; but who was not a foreigner."

"Will you sing me that song again?—you give the words a beauty I never discovered in them; yet they (as well as the music itself) are by my poor friend whom Mr Templeton does not like—Maltravers."

"Are they his also?" said Mrs. Templeton, with emotion, "it is strange I did not know it. I heard the air in the streets, and it struck me much. I inquired the name of the song and bought it—it is very strange!"

"What is strange?"

"That there is a kind of language in your friend's music and poetry which comes home to me, like words I have heard years ago! Is he young, this Mr. Maltravers?"

"Yes, he is still young."

"And, and—"

Here Mrs. Templeton was interrupted by the entrance of her husband.

MR. CURTIS ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

(Continued from page 222.)

[We resume our extracts from this instructive and pleasant work, which bids fair to attain the best popularity, based on the exposition of error and the establishment of truth, for the welfare of the masses of society. It is, certainly, one of the few books of its kind that

can boast of the absence of quackery; accordingly, it has deserved all the attention and encouragement it has received, and it merits much more.]

Maturity.

As a general rule, the plainer the food the better: condiments serve only to stimulate and to prolong the appetite after the wants of the body have been supplied; and they are thus the causes of indigestion and other maladies.

The quantity of animal food consumed in this country is too great; it is commonly thought that without an abundant supply of it, it is impossible to be strong or healthy. Some animal food is, in our northern climate, undoubtedly necessary; but that its importance is too highly rated, will be evident when we consider that the Irish peasants live almost exclusively upon potatoes—the East Indians upon rice—the Italian makes his dinner of a piece of bread, wine, and a few figs—and that the French consume far less butcher-meat than our countrymen do, and are, notwithstanding, by no means a weak puny race. A substantial meal once a-day is, in general, enough of animal food.

What is the proper number of meals a-day? and what are the best times for them? are questions that have often been discussed.

From what has been already said, it is evident that the time of eating, as well as the quantity of food, ought to be regulated by the appetite indicating the wants of the system. But nature has given to man considerable power of training even those organs whose functions are organic; and there is in his constitution a tendency to periodicity, which makes it both easy and advantageous to adopt fixed times for supplying his wants.

The arrangements that have been made amongst the various classes of society, in regard to this matter, are sanctioned by habit and custom, and are perhaps as good as any others that could be adopted.

As a general rule, an interval of from five to six hours should elapse between the meals; but this must, of course, vary according to circumstances, and depend upon the appetite. Persons engaged in business frequently do themselves much mischief by disregarding its monitions amidst the bustle and excitement of trade: after a time, it is true, the appetite subsides, but the necessity for food is not thereby removed.

It is no unusual thing for a merchant to breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning, ride several miles to town, and return to dine in the evening between six and seven o'clock, without having, during all that time, ate any thing. This long fasting is injurious; and the subsequent full meal still more so. In such cases a luncheon ought certainly to be taken.*

* A biscuit eaten about the middle of the day will

Water, the fluid which nature has so abundantly provided, is that best fitted for man to drink; it is suitable for every variety of constitution, and is more effectual than almost any other liquid in allaying thirst; thereby showing that it is the beverage designed to supply the loss of fluid to which we are perpetually subject.

There are many simple compounds in which water is the chief ingredient, such as ginger-beer, lemonade, toast-and-water, soda-water, tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, &c. All these are, for common consumption, far preferable to fermented liquors; and it is gratifying to observe the extent to which they have superseded these intoxicating drinks. The introduction of tea and coffee, in particular, into general use, has done much towards effecting this change; and notwithstanding the objections that have from time to time been brought against these exotics, the strongest evidence of their beneficial qualities is furnished by the constantly increasing quantity of them imported into this country. Still it must not be forgotten that they are stimulants; and that if taken too strong, or in too great quantity, they give rise to nervous complaints; and that the latter especially, although for the time an aid to digestion, does yet, like all other stimulants, if too freely indulged in, weaken the sensibility of the stomach, and derange its functions. And it must be borne in mind also, that diluents of any kind, in large quantities, relax the coats of that organ, and impair its efficiency.

As to fermented liquors, it is the almost unanimous opinion of physiologists, that to a person in a state of health they are decidedly injurious! their effect is directly upon the nervous system and the circulation, which they stimulate and quicken.

In this work I am, of course, confined to the subject of health, and cannot enter upon the moral evils attendant upon the use of ardent or intoxicating beverages. But supposing it produced no other than physical ills, the magnitude of these would render any attempt to extirpate them worthy of our sincerest admiration and support. Such an attempt is the institution of Temperance Societies; an attempt which has already been extensively successful in the land where it was commenced, and which is taking root in our own country. The good effected by Temperance Societies must not be reckoned merely by the number of their pledged members; this, it is probable, is but a small part of their beneficial results: by powerfully calling the attention of the civilized world to the tremendous evils of intemperance, they have, doubtless, led many thousands of persons who have not enrolled themselves

preserve the tone of the stomach, which is debilitated by long fasting. Inaction injures it, as well as every other organ.

under their banners, to see the real state of the case, and to abandon habits so fatally destructive to physical, moral, and intellectual excellence.

There can, however, be little doubt that the most powerful and certain means of exterminating such habits are the diffusion of knowledge, the enlightenment of mankind, and the consequent production of a taste for pleasures of an intellectual kind among the masses. The consumption of spirits in this country is ascertained by official returns to be far less in proportion to the population than it was one hundred years ago; and this diminution can be accounted for no otherwise than by the operation of the causes just enumerated, and by the introduction of tea, coffee, and other wholesome beverages.

In connexion with this latter cause may be mentioned the establishment in London and other great towns, within the last few years, of great numbers of coffee-shops; the effect, and at the same time the cause, of the improvement that has taken place in this matter among the lower classes of society.

The exercise which our occupations afford is, when they are of a healthy description, and not too long pursued, of the very best kind; inasmuch as it is one in which the mind as well as the body is engaged; and this harmony of mind and body I have already shown to be requisite for the full realization of the benefits of exercise.

Notes of a Reader.

PICKWICKIANA.—BY BOZ.

Birmingham.—It was quite dark when Mr. Pickwick roused himself sufficiently to look out of the window. The straggling cottages by the road-side, the dingy hue of every object visible, the murky atmosphere, the paths of cinders and brick-dust, the deep red glow of furnace fires in the distance, the volumes of dense smoke issuing heavily forth from high toppling chimneys, blackening and obscuring every thing around; the glare of distant lights, the ponderous wagons which toiled along the road, laden with clashing rods of iron, or piled with heavy goods—all betokened their rapid approach to the great working town of Birmingham. As they rattled through the narrow thoroughfares leading to the heart of the turmoil, the sights and sounds of earnest occupation struck more forcibly on the senses. The streets were thronged with working-people. The hum of labour resounded from every house; lights gleamed from the long casement windows in the attic stories, and the whirl of wheels and the noise of machinery shook the trembling walls. The fires whose lurid sullen light had been visible for miles, blazed fiercely up in the great works and factories of the town. The din of hammers, the rushing of steam,

and the dead, heavy clanking of the engines, was the harsh music which arose from every quarter.

Waiters—The chaise stopped at the door of the Old Royal. Ben Allen having been partially awakened from a stupendous sleep, and dragged out by the collar by Mr. Samuel Weller, Mr. Pickwick was enabled to alight. They were shown to a comfortable apartment, and Mr. Pickwick at once propounded a question to the waiter concerning the whereabouts of Mr. Winkle's residence.

"Close by, sir," said the waiter, "not above five hundred yards, sir. Mr. Winkle is a wharfinger, sir, at the canal, sir. Private residence, is not—oh dear no, sir, *not* five hundred yards, sir." Here the waiter blew a candle out and made a feint of lighting it again, in order to afford Mr. Pickwick an opportunity of asking any further questions, if he felt so disposed.

"Take anything now, sir?" said the waiter, lighting the candle in desperation at Mr. Pickwick's silence. "Tea or coffee, sir? dinner, sir?"

"Nothing now."

"Very good, sir. Like to order supper, sir?"

"Not just now."

"Very good, sir." Here he walked softly to the door, and then stopping short, turned round and said with great suavity—

"Shall I send the chambermaid, gentlemen?"

"You may if you please," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"If you please, sir."

"And bring some soda-water," said Bob Sawyer.

"Soda-water, sir? Yes, sir." And with his mind apparently relieved from an overwhelming weight, by having at last got an order for something, the waiter imperceptibly melted away. Waiters never walk or run. They have a peculiar and mysterious power of skimming out of rooms, which other mortals possess not.

Wet Weather.—When they stopped to change at Coventry, the steam ascended from the horses in such clouds as wholly to obscure the hostler, whose voice was however heard to declare from the mist, that he expected the first Gold Medal from the Humane Society on their next distribution of rewards, for taking the postboy's hat off; the water descending from the brim of which, the invisible gentleman declared must inevitably have drowned him (the postboy) but for his great presence of mind in tearing it promptly from his head, and drying the gasping man's countenance with a wisp of straw.

"This is pleasant," said Bob Sawyer, turning up his coat-collar, and pulling the shawl over his mouth to concentrate the fumes of a glass of brandy just swallowed.

"Wery," replied Sam composedly.

"You don't seem to mind it," observed Bob.

"Vy, I don't exactly see no good my mindin' on it 'ud do, sir," replied Sam.

"That's an unanswerable reason, anyhow," said Bob.

"Yes, sir," rejoined Mr. Weller. "Wot ever is, is right, as the young nobleman sweetly remarked ven they put him down in the pension list 'cos his mother's uncle's wife's grandfather vunce lit the king's pipe with a portable tinder-box."

"Not a bad notion that, Sam," said Mr. Bob Sawyer, approvingly.

"Just wot the young nobleman said ev'ry quarter-day arterwards for the rest of his life," replied Mr. Weller.

Postboys.—"Wos you ever called in," inquired Sam, glancing at the driver, after a short silence, and lowering his voice to a mysterious whisper, "wos you ever called in, ven you wos 'prenticed to a sawbones, to wisit a postboy?"

"I don't remember that I ever was," replied Bob Sawyer.

"You never see a postboy in that 'ere hospital as you *walked* (as they say o' the ghosts), did you?" demanded Sam.

"No," replied Bob Sawyer. "I don't think I ever did."

"Never know'd a churchyard vere there wos a postboy's tombstone, or see a dead pos boy, did you?" inquired Sam pursuing his catechism.*

"No," rejoined Bob, "I never did."

"No," rejoined Sam, triumphantly. "Nor never vill; and there's another thing that no man never see, and that's a dead donkey—no man never see a dead donkey, 'cept the gen'l'm'n in the black silk smalls as know'd the young 'ooman as kept a goat; and that wos a French donkey, so wery likely he wam't vun o' the reg'lar breed."

"Well, what has that got to do with the postboys?" asked Bob Sawyer.

"This here," replied Sam. "Withoot goin' so far as to as-sert, as some wery sensible people do that post-boys and donkeys is both immortal, wot I say is this: that wenever they feels themselves gettin' stiff and past their work, they just rides off together, vun postboy to a pair, in the usual way; wot becomes on 'em, nobody knows, but its wery probable as they starts away to take their pleasure in some other world, for there ain't a man alive as ever see either a donkey or a postboy a takin' his pleasure in this!"

Expatiating upon this learned and remarkable theory, and citing many curious statistical and other facts in its support, Sam Weller beguiled the time until they reached Dunchurch,

* Bob is oblivious.—See the epitaph on a postboy:
Here I lays
Kild by a chaise, Ed. M.

where a dry postboy and fresh horses were procured; the next stage was Daventry, and the next Towcester; and at the end of each stage it rained harder than it had done at the beginning.

"I say," remonstrated Bob Sawyer, looking in at the coach window, as they pulled up before the door of the Saracen's Head, Towcester, "this won't do you know."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Pickwick, just awakening from a nap, "I'm afraid you are wet."

"Oh, you are, are you?" returned Bob. "Yes, I am, a little that way—uncomfortably damp, perhaps."

Bob did look dampish, inasmuch as the rain was streaming from his neck, elbows, cuffs, skirts, and knees; and his whole apparel shone so with the wet, that it might have been mistaken for a full suit of prepared oilskin.

"I am rather wet," said Bob, giving himself a shake, and casting a little hydrolic shower around in so doing, like a Newfoundland dog just emerged from the water.

"I think it's quite impossible to go on to-night," interposed Ben.

"Out of the question, sir," remarked Sam Weller, coming to assist in the conference; "it's cruelty to animals, sir, to ask 'em to do it. There's beds here, sir," said Sam, addressing his master, "every thing clean and comfortable. Wery good little dinner, sir, they can get ready in half an hour—pair of fowls, sir, and a weal cullet; French beans, 'taters, tart, and tidiness. You'd better stop here you are, sir, if I might recommend. Take advice, sir, as the doctor said."

The host of the Saracen's Head opportunely appeared at this moment, to confirm Mr. Weller's statement relative to the accommodations of the establishment, and to back his entreaties with a variety of dismal conjectures regarding the state of the roads, the doubt of fresh horses being to be had at the next stage, the dead certainty of its raining all night, the equally mortal certainty of its clearing up in the morning, and other topics of inducement familiar to inn-keepers.

Persevering Courtship.—(Old Weller.)—"Sammy, if I was to stop here alone vun week—only vun week, my boy—that 'ere 'ooman 'ud marry me by force and violence afore it was over."

"Wot is she so wery fond on you?" inquired Sam.

"Fond!" replied his father, "I can't keep her away from me. If I was locked up in a fire-proof chest with a patent Brahmin, she'd find means to get at me, Sammy."

"Wot a thing it is to be so sought arter!" observed Sam, smiling.

"I don't take no pride out on it, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, poking the fire vehemently, "it's a horrid situation. I'm actually

drove out o' house and home by it. The breath was scarcely out o' your poor mother-in-law's body, ven vun old 'ooman sends me a pot o' jam, and another a pot o' jelly, and another brews a blessed large jug o' camomile-tea, vich she brings in vith her own hands." Mr. Weller paused with an aspect of intense disgust, and, looking round, added in a whisper, "They was all widders, Sammy, all on 'em 'cept the camomile-tea vun, as was a single young lady, o' fifty-three."

Coachmen.—(Old Weller.)—Sammy, I feel that I ain't safe any veres but on the box."

"How are you safer there than any veres else?" interrupted Sam.

"'Cos a coachman's a privileged indiidual," replied Mr. Weller, looking fixedly at his son. "'Cos a coachman may do without suspicion wot other men may not; 'cos a coachman may be on the very amicablest terms with eighty mile o' females, and yet nobody think that he ever means to marry any vun among 'em. And wot other man can say the same, Sammy?"

"Vell, there's somethin' in that," said Sam.

"If your gov'nor had been a coachman," reasoned Mr. Weller, "do you s'pose as that 'ere jury 'ud ever ha' convicted him, s'posin' it possible as the matter could ha' gone to that ex-tremity? They dustn't ha' done it."

"Vy not?" said Sam rather disparagingly.

"Vy not!" rejoined Mr. Weller; "'cos it 'ud ha' gone agin their consciences. A reg'lar coachman's a sort o' connectin' link betwix singleness and matrimony, and every practicable man knows it."

"Wot you mean, they're gen'ral fav'rites, and nobody takes advantage on 'em p'raps?" said Sam.

His father nodded.

"How it ever come to that 'ere pass," resumed the parent Weller. "I can't say; vy it is that long-stage coachmen possess such insinuations, and is always looked up to—a-dored I may say—by ev'ry young 'ooman in ev'ry town he vorks through, I don't know; I only know that so it is; it's a reg'lotion of natur—a dispensary, as your poor mother-in-law used to say."

"A dispensation," said Sam correcting the old gentleman.

"Wery good, Samivel, a dispensation if you like it better," returned Mr. Weller; "I call it a dispensary, and it's always writ up so at the places vere they gives you physic for nothin' in your own bottles; that's all."

The Gatherer.

The National Anthem.—About fifteen years ago, Mr. Richard Clarke of the Chapel Royal, &c., published a book with a view of establishing that the melody of "God save

the King" was composed by the famous Dr. Bull, and first sung at a grand entertainment given by the Merchant Tailors' Company to King James I. in 1607, in honour of the happy and wonderful escape of that monarch from the Powder Plot. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, August, and October, 1836, several articles were inserted on the subject, with a view of contradicting Mr. Clarke's statement; these called forth from him a paper, prepared for the first meeting of the Purcell Club, which has been established lately, by several admirers of that giant composer, to whom the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* attributes the music of "God save the King." On which Mr. Clarke observes:—"Now as the whole of the first and most of the second part of the national melody is found in the sonata produced to-night, (taken from the only book published by Purcell, and dedicated to King Charles II., in 1683,) it proves that the melody was known to Purcell at least two years before James II. was king—it could not, therefore, have been composed for that King's chapel. It must have been for the chapel of James the First, as I have before stated. Purcell intended to have composed as many sonatas as King Charles had fiddlers, viz. 24,—he, however, unfortunately, did not live to finish more than twenty-two; the first twelve he published himself, and the remaining ten by his widow, in 1697, fourteen years after the first set. Purcell was candid enough to acknowledge in his Preface, that his compositions were in imitation, and it is clear that the National Melody was known to him before 1683; he farther states in the same Preface, that, 'There has been neither care nor industry wanting in contriving and revising the whole work, (which had been abroad in the world much sooner,) but, that he has now thought fit to cause the whole Thorough Bass to be engraven, which was a thing quite beside his first resolution.' No doubt, therefore, that the melody was as popular then as at this time; had it, however, been Purcell's composition, he would certainly have given the whole, especially in dedicating the same to his great patron, King Charles II." Mr. Clarke has given, in his pamphlet, three specimens of melodies resembling that of our National Anthem; the first is by Purcell, composed about 1674, the stave having six lines; the second also is by him, in three parts, and the third is by Dr. Bull, published (with six lines) in 1655. We are promised a continuation of this interesting subject by Mr. Clarke, who "respectfully assures the Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants, of the Worshipful Company of Merchant Tailors, that his former account is correct, and that the national Anthem, and national Grace, 'Non nobis Domine,' were written in Latin by Ben Jonson, to please

King James I., he being considered a good Latin scholar, and were first sung in their Hall."—*Musical World*.

Principles of Science.—The principles of a science are those facts belonging to it, which seem to be its simplest elements. They are, strictly speaking, the beginnings of its synthetical composition, and imply the ultimatum of its analysis. The original principles of any science are, therefore, nothing essential in themselves, but they are the simplest modes of thinking in respect to it.

Franco-English.—A curious specimen of this occurred the other day. A French gentleman, rescued from a ducking in the Thames and taken to an adjacent tavern, was advised to drink a tumbler of very hot brandy and water, and thus addressed the waiter, who was mixing it:—"Sir, I shall thank you not to make it a fortnight."—"A fortnight," replied Joe, "hadn't you better take it directly?"—"Oh, yes," said Monsieur, "directly to be sure, but not a fortnight—not two week."—*Literary Gazette*.

Pumpkin Sugar.—Sugar extracted from pumpkins, say the French Journals, is equal, in every respect, to beet-root sugar.

The March of Mind.—It is the boast of our age that we are making greater advancement than any age preceding; but let us suppose for a moment that the mariner's compass had not been invented. What would have been the present condition of the world! The western empire would have been quietly occupied by "the lost tribes;" the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope would not have been effected; Magellan could not have made a western passage, nor could Marco Polo have led the way in navigating the southern ocean; Europe would have depended on the east for Indian supplies and must have slept for ever under her feudal system. If it had not been for the Reformation, where would have been our "march of mind" at this day?

When the meaning is too big for the words, the expression is quaint. When the words are too big for the meaning, it is bombastic. The one is pleasing as an imperfection of growth: the other unpleasing, as that of decay. The one must be looked for in a fresh and advancing literature; the other infects a literature past its prime, when words have become a trade, and are valued apart from thoughts. The talk of children is often quaint. That of worn-out men of the world often bombastic, where the error is not precluded by that of a perpetual sneer or a drivelling chatter.

Blackwood's Magazine.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris.—in FRANKFORT, CHARLES JÜGEL.,